A

POEM

On the DEATH of the Reverend

Mr. MORDECAI ANDREWS,

Who departed this Life, *February* 16, 1749-50,

In the THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR of his AGE.

By MOESTUS.

Ebeu! fugaces———
Labuntur anni: nec Pietas moram
Rugis & instanti senectæ
Afferet indomitæque morti.

Hor.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Person on whom the following Poem is written, being an intimate Acquaintance of a particular Friend to the Author, it induced him to expose it to Publick View, and consequently to Publick Censure: The Author of it can, I am persuaded, be subjected to by none but the most censorious Reader; tho' the Performance is, doubtless liable to many Objections; but as it is the first Appearance the Author makes in Print, he humbly hopes it will be treated with all that Candour and Indulgence a young Poet may reasonably expect: If it meets with kind and generous Entertainment, it will afford me some Degree of Pleasure; if not, shall give myself no Uneasiness.

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Uneasiness,

Uneasiness, since I have the Satisfaction to be assured in my own Breast, it is composed on *One*, whose Worth and Merit may justly challenge a more accurate and finished Piece, from an abler Pen.

POEM

On the DEATH of the Reverend

Mr. *Mordecai Andrews.*

SAY, mournful Muſe, why flow our melting Tears;
Why on each Face this gloomy Caſt appears?
Why Crowds ſuch Marks of penſive Sadneſs ſhew,
And Grief, heart-rending, blackens every Brow?
Is ſome kind *Lord*, or gen'rous *Noble* dead,
Who cloth'd the Naked, and the Stranger fed?
Is ſnatch'd a *Conſul* from the Senate-hall?
Or mourn we, ſolemn, for the *Warrior*'s Fall?

Has ſome dread *Prince*, magnificently great,
Reſign'd to DEATH his Scepter, Crown and State?
No —— juſter Cauſe, why every *Briton* weeps;
In Duſt and Aſhes pious ANDREWS ſleeps:——
Sleeps ANDREWS in the Grave?——Then Joys adieu!
Comfort depart, we're not concern'd with you!
Henceforth ſhall Sorrow be the Garb we wear,
And Tear, in quick Succeſſion, follow Tear,
Till all the Springs of plaintive Floods are dry,
Till from our Breaſts we've empty'd every Sigh:

Yet while we grieve, methinks a Voice replies,
" Weep not for me—yourſelves demand your Sighs;
" I'm ſafely landed on th' eternal Shore,
" Where Storms nor threaten, nor where Tempeſts roar:
" But you ſtill ſail amid the troubled Sea,
" To Sin, to Satan, and the World a Prey:
" Then, Saints, your own imperfect State bemoan;
" Bliſs, ſuch as mine, forbids a ſingle Groan."

Yet

Yet grant, O! SHADE, the Tribute of our Eyes,
We grateful pay when ſuch a PARENT dies!
Dies!——Oh! the Thought with Torture ſwells our Veins,
And wounds the Heart with agonizing Pains!
Dies!—'tis impoſſible:—No; Hark! a Sound,
(Whiſp'ring the Truth) the diſtant Hills rebound!
An awful Truth;—Oh! Heav'n afford ſupply
To raiſe our drooping Spirits, or we — die!
Ah! ſee the Soul no longer warms the Man,
But leaves her Partner, lifeleſs, cold and wan:
His earthly Structure, his terreſtrial Form,
Now fills a Grave, and feaſts a pamper'd Worm:
His Eyes how languid, and his Cheeks how pale!
The Nerves how weaken'd, and the Sinews fail!
The Jaws how fallen! The ſweet harmonious Tongue
Forgets to hymn the Soul-enrapturing Song;
Pent in a Tomb, the Bones and Carcaſs lay,
Dead and inactive as their native Clay:

A
Crack'd is the *Bowl*, the *Pitcher* and the *Wheel*,
And all the weary Springs of Life ſtand ſtill.

Alas! how ſoon our feeble Frames decay,
Short-liv'd as Inſects of a Summer's Day!
Men, like a Flow'r, obſcur'd beneath a Shade,
Spring in the Morning, and at Evening fade!
As airy Globes, that on the Waters lie,
Born in a Moment, in a Moment die;
Awhile the Theatre of *Time* they tread,
Then quit the Stage, and mingle with the Dead;
Nor Fame, nor Virtue can elude the Dart,
Nor Flow of Wit, nor Sanctity of Heart;
Nor Reaſon's Strength, nor energetick Senſe,
Or the ſoft Strains of charming Eloquence:
None can eſcape the Blow, nor Old, nor Young,
Nor Slave, nor Monarch, nor Infirm, nor Strong.
The *Tyrant*, deaf to ev'ry tender Cry,
Singles his Mark, and bids the Jav'lin fly;

Scorns

Scorns all our Efforts, baffles human Skill,
Laughs at the DOCTOR, and defies his Pill.

But why these Sorrows for the happy Soul,
Who swiftly ran and quickly reach'd the Goal?
Fixing, by Faith, upon the Crown his Eyes,
Press'd to the Mark, and grasp'd the glorious Prize.
Why heave our Bosoms, why our Spirits faint?
Earth lost a Christian, Heav'n has gain'd a Saint.
True,—in the Church his Graces sparkled bright,
But sparkle clearer in the Realms of Light;
O! blissful Change! O! happy, past compare!
There shines a Sun, who glitter'd *here* a Star;
Who blaz'd *below* with Patience, Hope and Love,
Now with majestic Splendor beams *above*;
Plac'd on a Throne, fast by his Saviour, GOD,
Praises the *Lamb* that washed him in his Blood;
Dwells in a World where Troubles ever cease,
And drinks of Fountains of eternal Peace;

Joys will delight, and Pleasures fill his Soul,
When Seas and Planets shall forbear to roll.

Say now, O Muse! how patient and serene
He bore the Stroke, and clos'd the final Scene!
How wish'd from clogging Fetters to be freed,
Long'd for the Port, and bid the Convoy speed!
Just as the *Tyrant* threaten'd a Remove;
And Nature faintly for the Conquest strove;
When but a Sound dropt from his fault'ring Tongue,
The broken Accents tun'd a sacred Song *;
Sweetly he warbled in the Arms of DEATH,
And heav'nly Anthems swell'd his dying Breath;
Tho' rack'd by *Fevers*, and depress'd with Pain,
Calm were his Spirits as the peaceful Main:
Tho' rent his Vitals with acutest Smart,
Fervent Petitions labour'd from his Heart;
To him 'twas granted by indulgent LOVE,
Here to taste Bliss that Angels taste above.

Thus,

* He sung and prayed in his last Moments.

Thus 'midſt an Ocean of immortal Joys,
Spurn'd the dull Earth, and ſoar'd beyond the Skies.
So the young ſprightly Denizen of Air,
(If Winds are ſilenc'd, and the Morning fair)
After releas'd, ſome Periods, from his Shell,
Scorning Confinement in the downy Cell;
When pompous Feathers deck his tender Wings,
Mounts from his Neſt, and as he mounts, he ſings.

Is gone the darling Favourite of Heav'n!
Yes, Oh! we weep!—the fatal Blow is given;
Lately we view'd the more than vulgar Prey,
Stretch'd in a Coffin;——honourable Clay!
'Tis rare the Sepulchre ſuch *Gueſts* can boaſt;
Such *Worth* but ſeldom dignifies the Duſt;
Or Lives recorded on the ſculptur'd Buſt:
Oh! could our Tears waſh off the Stains of Death,
Whole Floods ſhould trickle till our lateſt Breath:
Could Sighs re-animate the lifeleſs Clay,
In Sighs we'd vent our nimble Souls away:

Could

Could Pray'rs prevail, to call him from the Grave,
Our Pray'rs incessant should our ANDREWS have:
But all is vain——Earth will compose his Bed,
Till the last Trumpet wakes the slumb'ring Dead:
Then shall he rise triumphant from the Tomb,
When all the Just resplendant Forms assume,
And he, majestic, 'midst th' Assembly blaze
With brightest Lustre, and superior Rays.

Oh! may we walk the same celestial Road!
Pursue the Path his heav'nly Footsteps trod!
Compleat our Course unblameable as he,
Stranger to Slander, as from Censure free;
Belov'd by all, to every Christian dear;
Courteous to Virtue, but to Vice severe;
Of Disposition peaceful and humane;
Humble, yet chearful; tho' admir'd not vain:
Of Carriage easy, and of Temper sweet;
A Soul where all the choicest Graces meet:

Tho' conversant with most, devoid of Guile,
Pleas'd with the Poor, as with the Noble's Smile;
As knit by Wedlock's sacred Bands, approv'd,
Constant and kind, beloving and belov'd;
Engaging Fondness with Affection join'd,
Bespoke th' indulgent Greatness of his Mind:
If view'd as Father of an Infant Race,
Paternal Care and Tenderness we trace:
Tho' he requir'd Obedience and Respect,
Wish'd more to pardon, than the Babes correct:
When Friendship bound, was riveted and just;
True to his Socials, faithful to his Trust:
To *me*, who long the dear Companion try'd,
Firm as a Rock, that braves the lashing Tide.
But, if the Rev'rend Preacher we survey,
Unnumber'd Instances his Worth display;
Divinely taught the Ministerial Art,
Could please the Fancy, and yet win the Heart:
When *Error* raged like a rolling Flood,
He, as a Barrier to the Torrent stood;

His

His Zeal nor languid, nor Affection cold,
Fought for the Cauſe of *Chriſt*, and dar'd be bold;
Labour'd (thro' Grace) to change the Sinner's Mind,
That's prone to Ill, to every Vice inclin'd;
Strove to direct the *Atheiſt* in the Road
That leads to Life, and makes him own the GOD;
Would oft, in Tears, the Semi-Chriſtian ſhew,
His curſt ALMOST, muſt prove a damning Foe;
With fervent Love, would dying Wretches ſue
To ſhun the Broad, and Narrow Path purſue;
Juſt to his Maſter, and whoſe every Aim
Was Saints to chear, and wand'ring Souls reclaim;
One form'd like him, in Goſpel-Work t' engage,
Seldom adorns the Churches of our Age;
With Judgment, Senſe, and Heav'nly Graces fraught,
With Force of Argument, and Depth of Thought;
His charming Tongue with ſtrong Perſuaſives flowed,
Hung on his Lips, or in his Boſom glow'd:

What

What different Accents iſſu'd from his Throat!
Now loud as Thunder, then a gentler Note;
This the relenting, tender Heart to gain,
While thoſe more rocky felt the *louder Strain*;
Shar'd his Inſtructions every dubious Saint,
The mourning Comfort; and ſupport the Faint:
Joy, the Dejected; and the Troubled, Peace;
The Wounded, Balſam; the Diſtreſſed, Eaſe;
Hope, the Deſpairing; and the Darkned, Light;
The Tempted, Succour; and the Feeble, Might.
Thus form'd an Inſtrument of publick Weal,
What Tribes of Souls his Miniſtrations ſeal!
Numbers will endleſs tune a joyful Song,
That ANDREWS dropt *Salvation* from his Tongue;
Own'd in his Work, in every Labour bleſt,
Approv'd of GOD, and then diſmiſs'd to Reſt;
Where ſafe emparadis'd, ſhall ever praiſe,
And, join'd with Angels, *Hallelujahs* raiſe;

 —Here

——Here is divine, peculiar Goodness trac'd,
GOD takes those soonest whom he values best;
Quickly to Bliss his choicest Fav'rites bears,
And wafts them early to the World of Stars;
There in the Blaze of everlasting Day,
Feast on his Glories, pure, without allay;
Till active Spirits from Existence shrink,
So long as GOD is GOD, till *Seraphs* cease to think.

Inform, O! Muse, tho' infinite his Gain,
What Loss the *Nation* and the *Church* sustain!
A *Pin* remov'd, scarce notic'd Diff'rence makes,
But raze a *Pillar*, and the Structure shakes:
If *Kings* depart, the Stroke whole Empires feel,
While *Peasants* unobserv'd from Being steal;
One *Sun* eclips'd, what Crowds the Gloom espy,
When *Stars* are miss'd, but by the curious Eye!

Thus

Thus as he fell, (Oh! Harbinger of Woe!)
A ſacred Victim to the general Foe,
The Ruin ſpread, and thouſands ſhar'd the Blow.

The penſive *Relict* (how ſevere her Fate!)
Mourns as a Turtle for its murder'd Mate;
The pleaſant Moments of Delight are paſt,
And all looks wild, a melancholy Waſte;
The Hours, once ſweeten'd by his Converſe, fled,
Gone the Companion, and the Husband, dead:
May Heav'n, of Patience and Direction give,
To teach her how reſign, and how to grieve!
The lonely Church a faithful *Paſtor* weep,
Who careful fed the Lambs, and watch'd the Sheep;
A skilful *Guide*, believing Souls deplore,
An ever bounteous Hand, the craving Poor:
What Loads of Grief in every Breaſt prevail!
The *Friend* and *Scholar* Academicks wail:

The ſinful Nation now no longer ſhares
His pious Wiſhes, and religious Pray'rs:
How great the Loſs! what Vengeance may encreaſe!
When earneſt Suppliants to Petition ceaſe:
Impending Judgments *Britain* juſtly fears,
Earthquakes*, Contagion, Peſtilence and Wars;
None knows how ſoon the threaten'd Plagues may come,
When Saints remove to ſhun the publick Doom.

Here ſtay, my Pen! nor farther ſtretch the Lines,
To ſpeak his Worth, which ſo unrival'd ſhines:
His Works ſufficiently proclaim his Praiſe,
Nor ask th' Aſſiſtance of the *Poet*'s Lays;
From virtuous Aſhes fragrant Odours riſe,
Perfume the Univerſe, and ſcent the Skies.

Still

* We have been lately alarmed by the Report of the Plague's being within our Borders; and a Shock of an Earthquake was felt the 8th Inſtant; a deſtructive and mercileſs Contagion is ſtill ſpreading among our Cattle.

Still may his Name (*tho' dead the Man*) survive!
Stampt in the Mind, or on the Marble, live!
Drive it, ye Winds, to every distant Shore;
A nobler one your Pinions never bore!
Ye balmy Zephyrs, fan it as ye blow!
Convey it, Oceans, where your Billows flow!
With ANDREWS, *Time*, thy Records long adorn;
And tell the Sound to Nations *yet unborn!*

FINIS.